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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

AN INTERPRETER

What, O Eternity,
  Is Time to thee?—
What to the boundless All
My portion small?

Lift up thine eyes, my soul!
Against the tidal roll
  Stands many a stone,
  Whereon the breakers thrown
Are dashed to spray—
  Else were the Ocean dumb.

So, in the way
  Of tides eternal, thou
  Abidest now;
And God Himself doth come
  A suppliant to thee,
  Love's prisoned thought to free.

—*John Bannister Tabb.*

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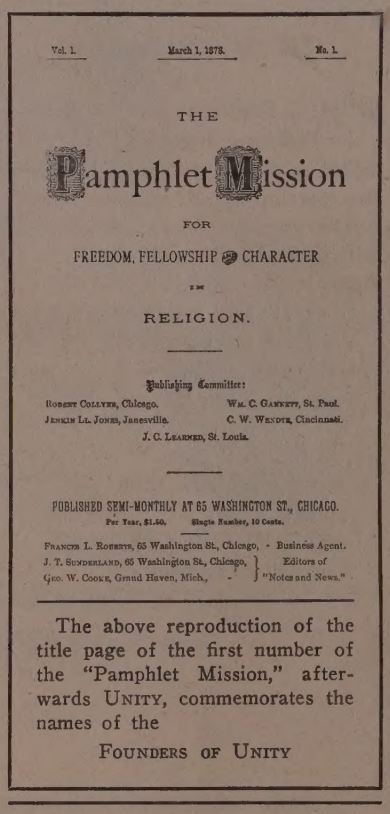

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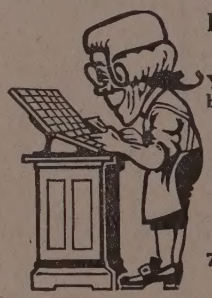

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1919 NUMBER 3

IMMANENCE.

Thou whose Spirit dwells in all,
Primal Source of life and mind,
In the clod as in the soul,
Fresh and full and unconfined!

Thine the atom's faintest thrill,
Thine the humblest creature's breath,
Prophecy in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death,—

Yearning for the crowning race,
Man, in whom at last unfold
All thy secrets strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old.

Secrets, too, of things to be
In the cycles on before:
Love that stronger is than death,
Life with thee for evermore.

Never severed from thy heart,
Never parted from thy side,
Still, as in Creation's dawn,
In thy bosom we abide!

—*John W. Chadwick.*

Dr. Harry Fosdick is beginning a successful ministry at the First Presbyterian Church in New York City. There was some astonishment when this Baptist clergyman was chosen to occupy this Presbyterian pulpit; but what would have been a storm in olden days was hardly more than a passing flurry today. Dr. Fosdick is an able preacher and a good man—what difference did it make to what particular denomination of Protestantism he belongs? And there is another somewhat notable feature of this new ministry! Dr. Fosdick has come to this church simply as the preacher. He is expressly relieved of all responsibility for parish management and activity, which are passed over to the hands of some one else. There is hope in this fact that some day a preacher may be allowed by his church to practice his profession, and not be degraded to the position of a man-of-all work. J. H. H.

It is amazing to what extent the rulers of Europe can be utterly stupid. There were no mistakes possible in the handling of the problem of the Russian Revolution, which were not committed by the Allied statesmen. Indeed, after they had run the whole gamut of blunders, they straightway began the series all over again, as though they had never heard of such a thing as learning by experience! And now the same old tragedy of error is being performed in the case of Germany. One would think that any schoolboy could have foreseen that a blockade of the Central Empires in the winter months would mean starvation, disorder, anarchy, and finally chaos, and no responsible government with which to make peace. The statesmen at Paris could not see it, however; and only now, when it is probably too late, are they lifting the blockade and rushing food supplies to the desperate country. Similarly it might be supposed that wisdom, if not sheer shame, would dissuade the Paris Conference from forcing upon Germany a peace which will strip her to the bone. Experience of thousands of years past teaches without exception that such a peace is only the foundation for future war. But everything is forgotten, or ignored, or defied. One wonders if there are no bounds to the stupidity of men! J. H. H.

There are few dramatic productions in our time which take on a national, much less an international, significance. Stuart Walker's presentation of the Biblical "Book of Job," however, is distinctly an event of this character. Nothing more momentous has been seen on the American stage in years. Here is the exact text of the ancient Hebrew poem, with no rearrangement and only the most sparing excisions, placed upon the boards of the modern theater. To read the book in the library is to marvel how this feat of stagecraft can be accomplished. To witness the production is to behold a revelation of power and grandeur which one feels rebuked for not having discovered of oneself before. Playing for an hour and a half, it holds a popular audience spellbound by the sheer wonder of the poetry, the cosmic sweep of argument and vision, and the storms of human passion which engulf the scene. Stuart Walker's production is a thing of beauty, and the acting of George Gaul as "Job" a consummate achievement of the player's art. "Job" on Broadway seems a strange anomaly; but it is successfully competing with the trash and filth which shame the majority of New York theaters at this moment. J. H. H.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has at last declared for the release of all conscientious objectors from prison, "at the time of the signing of the Treaty of Peace." It states that the four hundred or more men now in confinement

"are beyond question sincere," points out that "after the war is over, . . . the best interests of democracy will not be served by carrying out further punishments against those whose honest convictions differed from the majority in the days of war," and reminds the government that this is "a nation that has always emphasized the principle of the freedom of the individual conscience." On the basis of the old-time maxim of "better late than never," this pronouncement by this influential church body is to be welcomed. But what are we to think of an organization supposedly representing the spirit of Christ, which persistently refused to speak a word or lift a finger for these conscientious objectors when they most needed assistance, and now takes action when their troubles are coming to an end? Nothing has changed in the situation, save that an armistice has been signed, hostilities are over, and it is now fairly safe to say and do what would a little while ago have brought indictment and disrepute. The conscientious objector is today what he has always been, and his conduct still either treason or idealism. It is not difficult to pass judgment on the Federal Council, thus paltering, and choosing times and seasons for right action. "Cowards" and "hypocrites" were words which came easily to the lips of Jesus when he faced Pharisees of this type.

J. H. H.

The League of Nations

The predicament into which President Wilson's Covenant of a League of Nations has thrown those who are thorough-going advocates of a new international order of peace and comity, is tragic to say the least.

Opposition to the scheme after the example of Senators Reed, Sherman and Borah, is impossible. These men are moved by partisan hatred of the President, attack the Paris covenant on grounds of unadulterated national selfishness, and present no alternative scheme in place of that which they deride and seek so wantonly to destroy. Just to be confused with such men, to take any public position which would lend warrant to the suspicion that one was acting with this faction of rancor and unreason, is a disgrace to be shunned as one would shun the plague. If these senators and their supporters of the unspeakable Henry A. Wise Wood type, have their way, two things will probably happen. On the one hand, America will be thrown back upon a policy of selfish and isolated nationalism, which will mean the maintenance of enormous armaments on land and sea, new and vaster ventures in commercial imperialism, constant suspicion and occasional open hostility against other and competing nations. On the other hand, Europe will be cast into a condition of social chaos and ruin such as the world has not seen since the break-up of the Roman Empire and the coming on of the Dark Ages. Both events will combine to make the world a horror of confusion, with another war at the end marking the final extinction of civilization. Seven and a half millions of men will have died in vain, incalculable losses of property will have been suffered without recompense, a war fought to make the world safe for democracy and to end all wars for all time, will be a ghastly joke—and the gods, as Lord Dunsany tells us, will laugh! One wonders if these senators know what they are doing. It cannot be possible that they know, for no man could be wicked enough deliberately to wreck the hope of a despairing race.

To support the League Covenant would seem to be the unescapable duty of every decent citizen. And yet, with what grace and conviction can this be done by one who thoroughly believes in the League idea? For this Covenant is as full of holes as a sieve. Intended to prevent war and establish peace between the nations of the earth, it leaves a dozen doors wide open to the entrance of Mars. On the one hand, it is not a League of Nations at all, but a new Balance of Power, for the safeguarding of the particular interests of the chosen nations composing the alliance. On the other hand, if it be accepted for courtesy's sake as a League, it fulfills none of the purposes for which such a League is supposed to exist. It contains no vestige of what Senator Knox has well declared must be "among the first articles of the constitution which shall create this League . . . (a provision) that war is . . . an international crime, and any nation engaging in war, except in self-defense when actually attacked, . . . an international criminal." It establishes no adequate machinery of justice for the control and punishment of a belligerent power. And it does not touch in any way those intricate problems of social reconstruction which must lie at the foundation of a condition of enduring peace. Imagine a covenant of nations, offered as a preventive of war, which does not even mention such economic factors of international disorder as free trade, surplus production, profits and wage scales! What we have in this program, after all, is simply an extension, along lines of somewhat greater precision, of the Hague scheme of arbitration. Four years of unexampled disaster, seven millions and more of the best youth of Europe dead on the battlefield, a hemisphere wasted by disease, famine and massacre—and this is all the progress that can be registered in this essential business of organizing the world!

What to do in such a predicament is hard to say. Very possibly we may not have to bother our heads about the problem many more days, for the tides of social change are moving so fast and so far, and in such terrific volume, that the whole project of a

League of Nations may be swept away as a matter of no importance whatsoever. It may very well become the supreme irony of this situation that the world has arrived, after all these centuries, at the serious consideration of thoroughgoing international organization, only to discover that it is too late—that it no longer matters what nations do or do not do in their relations with one another. This was certainly the idea of Trotzky when he declared sometime ago that the Great War marked the end of the nationalistic period of modern history. Was not this at least the suggestion contained in President Wilson's statement in his Boston speech, that "the peoples of the world are in the saddle, and they are going to see to it that, if their present governments do not do their will, some other government shall." There is something more than a remote possibility, that is to say, that the problem of the strength or weakness of this or any other covenant of a League of Nations adopted at Paris is insignificant, since events will make any covenant only "a scrap of paper in the end."

Meanwhile, however, the problem is with us, and no man is excused from definite decision by the possibility, or even the probability, of a "dies irae." He must choose, one way or the other; and simply on the principle that something is better than nothing, he must choose, it seems to me, to support President Wilson's plan, if no better plan be in any way available. Even the most defective system of international organization might be made to work for a time under such a condition of war weariness and popular revolt as pertains at the present moment. And if it worked for a time, there might come opportunity for improvement and extension. "The Constitution is not free from imperfections," wrote George Washington in October, 1787. "A door being open for future alterations and amendments, I think it would be wise for the people to adopt what is offered them." Then, too, a temporary success would tend to establish a habit of peace which might well slip into permanency without anybody's knowing just how. Certainly, as between this League of imperfect workmanship and feeble courage, and no league at all, I would unhesitatingly choose the former, on the gambler's doctrine of chance, if nothing more.

Fortunately, however, this is not the only way out of the dilemma. In a letter to the New York Evening *Post* of March 7, Mr. David Lawrence, its Paris correspondent, writes: "He (President Wilson) was successful in getting a constitution of the League of Nations drafted, which must of course be amended and changed to meet not merely some of the objections raised in the American Senate, but the modifications which must surely be proposed by other countries."

Here is the "sign" in which we may yet "conquer"! The Wilson program of a League of Nations "must of course be amended"! Our duty is therefore plain. First of all, we must cling fast to the great idea of a League of Nations. Whatever the condition of mankind, there can be no harm, and may be infinite good, in an organization of what Victor Hugo called "the United States of the World." This is one of the fairest dreams of many of the most statesmanlike minds of other days; and it is the one wholly constructive and beneficent scheme which the War itself has produced. No fear of future events, no despair at present accomplishments, must tempt us to the abandonment of this great idea. We must talk for it, work for it, sacrifice for it, till the die at last is cast. Secondly, as regards the particular plan of the League of Nations which is now before the world, we must seek its radical amendment. Not such amendment as has been proposed by those senators who would have America abandon association with European nations to ends of justice and good-will, and sink back into earlier policies of isolation and self-seeking! But such amendment as will make the plan, when finally adopted, a genuine covenant of peace, a *bona fide* constitution of a united world, a guarantee of brotherhood. Now, if ever, is the "accepted time"! Today, we choose; and then, as Lowell put it in his *Present Crisis*:

> . . . the choice goes by forever
> 'twixt that darkness and that light.

J. H. H.

LOST LIGHTS.

Pity the folk with the earth-bent eyes,
Missing the heavenly argosies;
Suns may flame in a vast of blue,
Stars may signal the whole night through—
Lost are the benizons of the skies
To the weary folk with the earth-bent eyes.

The New York Globe. —*Richard Wightman.*

The story of the Egyptian scarab as told by Henry Fabre in "The Life and Love of the Insect" is fascinating. After very careful observation of the sacred beetle he tells us that the ancient Egyptian found in a pear shaped ball just one egg. He quotes an old Egyptian writer, Horapollo, who wrote his observations on papyrus:

> The Scarab buries her ball in the ground, where she remains hidden for twenty-eight days, a space of time equal to that of a revolution of the moon, during which period the offspring of the Scarab quickens. On the twenty-ninth day, which the insect knows to be that of the sun and moon and of the birth of the world, it opens the ball and throws it into the water. From this ball issue animals that are Scarabs.

According to the ideas of the time the sacred insect had neither father nor mother, was self-begotten and the one egg was produced by the god of beetles and placed in the ball in order that the beetle might have proper food. Because without mother they came to be symbols of the only begotten of deity, symbols of the resurrection of the dead.

—*Unity Sunday School Notes.*

THE PULPIT

The Reassurances of the Past

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preached in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, September 30, 1917.

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

"The future I may face, now I have proved the past."—Robert Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

Father, help us this morning to feel the burdens of the world. Bless us, Father, if need be, with agony, that thereby we may come into kinship with things eternal, that we may be allied to the causes that are everlasting. Teach us, Father, if need be through pain and sorrow and death, the unbreakable ties of brotherhood. Help us to feel the golden links in the chain which binds us to the meanest, joins us to the lowliest, makes us conscious brothers with the wickedest. In our own lives we find the weakness and wickedness, the selfishness and greed, the coarseness and vulgarity that the ages have striven to escape from. We pray, Father, for our distracted country. Bring into our homes the power to endure hardness, if need be, in the interest of the right. Our hearts go out, O Father, to the faithful and the loyal who in any garb or for any cause have consecrated their young lives to thee. Preserve them in their purity, hold them to their ideals, teach them the love which alone overcomes pain and triumphs in the interest of good. Amen.

"The future I may face now I have proved the past."

The first big lesson in philosophy, the first profound inspiration in morals, the highest lesson in religion possible to the inquiring mind, is the realization that there has been a past, a profound and boundless past, a fertile, progressive, immeasurable past. Not any baby chronology that assumes that the work of creation began a petty five thousand years before Christ, in some artificial, geographical spot called Paradise. Not a finite world, thrown into vacuity and swept into order by a creative hand in a six-day activity. There may be room for doubt and dispute and uncertainty in such a world, in a universe created out of hand, but not in the measureless, sublime, awe-inspiring, soul-chastening thought of an unfolding universe which through uncounted eons of astronomic evolution gave us the sun, moon and all the stars. When we step out of the profounder mysteries of the astronomic world into the more tangible and coherent story of this little ball upon which we live, and study it through the eyes of the geologist, again we find that the story of this earth is one long, long story, ordered, purposeful, growing all along the line and all the time. A profounder book of Genesis than that which makes the first chapter of our Bible a nursery tale, is the geologic chart found in the school books and handed to our children, showing successive unfoldments, successive alternations of heat and cold, periods of tropic pleasantness followed by seasons of arctic chill. Professor Geikie, the great Scotch geologist, the greatest living authority on the antiquity of man on this globe, counts four successive periods of glaciation, periods during which savage cold chilled the rivers and checked the streams, filled the valleys with glacial deposits and life flourished only beyond its boundaries. Four successive glaciations took place, covering a period perhaps exceeding 200,000 years. Summer interludes cover double this period, back at least into the first glacial period of what the geologists call the tertiary age, the period of birds and deciduous trees and mammals. There man has been found and the period of four thousand years of the old geology gives way to the 250,000 or 500,000 years during which modern science shows that man has been in Europe. And all this time he has been man, man like unto ourselves, a creature selecting his upright position, a creature equal to protecting and sheltering his own, a creature like ourselves, unarmed, unprotected of body. All this time he has been man possessed of power of mind, converting these terrible forces of nature into life, even when winter storms and summer droughts played into the might of horrible armed beasts of prey, who with horns and hoofs and claws menaced his life.

O it is a story full of mystery and beauty! The chief point I want to emphasize this morning is that it is a long story and that it is in the length of the story that we find our reassurances of faith. It has taken these uncounted millenniums for man to travel from his retreat in the caves to the Abraham Lincoln Centre and all that it involves.

If we realize this it will ease our nervousness. We will avoid the panicky feeling that would fain stampede civilization, distrust the fundamental records of man's noblest ambitions, suspend the Beatitudes and deny the Decalogue because something awful has happened. Now, when we face a world catastrophy, take time to turn to your geological books, the latest and the best are the only ones worthy of study, and realize, O you panicky and nervous sons of men, how foolish is your hopelessness and how well founded is your faith. These petty cowardices, these anxieties of the hour, this tempest of a day, will pass as greater calamities have passed, will give way to the subtle power that has through the endless ages been rolling globes towards daylight and peopling these same globes with creatures having their eyes turned forward, with fingers charged with dexterity, with hearts touched to love. Mother cries and father valor have triumphed times innumerable over the lusts of man, the passions of kings, the arrogance of armed leaders. What has been accomplished so many times in the past we have reason to believe will be realized again and again in the uncounted eons that open up before the children of men. O ye of little faith, why art thou cast down? Believe in God for he has visited thee with peace and power.

I wish I might with chart and figures exhibit some fundamental facts by which you may come into a realization of the long past. I am more and more persuaded that the crudeness of our theology, the coarseness of our political economy, the bigotry of our social customs and of our religion can be combatted in no way so successfully as by a realization of the slow but sure workings of a measureless past. Such a realization takes the conceit out of us, shames our faithlessness, rebukes our pain.

But there is something to be said of this past beyond its duration. Not only is it a measureless past, but life on this globe reaches from the microscopic animal in the ocean, up, up, up to Shakespeare and to Jesus. And the end is not yet. The newer astronomy for which our own Professors Chamberlin and Moulton are most responsible, has taken a great deal of nervousness out of our geology. It did seem according to the old nebula hypothesis that there was some danger of this planetary system of ours running down

and this earth of ours growing old and cold and dying. But according to the newer knowledge this earth of ours has within itself physical resources of renewal, it is always growing and renewing itself. There is not much danger that the planetary system is going to run down like a kitchen clock for want of winding, it is a self-winder.

But there is more than that which gives a mighty reassurance to my faith, makes me to know that it is worth while to stay as long as I am permitted to on this earth, and while I stay to believe in it, to believe at least in the planetary system. I am not going to lose my faith in sun and moon. Science tells me that I can trust the old Scripture that says, "Seed time and harvest shall not fail." I am going to have that much scripture in my creed anyway.

But there is something else. It has been not only a long past but a rising past. Fascinating is the story of the draping of this world with beauty from moss to pine tree, from fern to oak and elm. This world has been clothed with more and more of man's thought. The story of man's intellectual rise is as fascinating as is the story of the physical. His triumph over the material fields of nature, his ability to penetrate space and anticipate the extremes of climate, his power to weigh values in his human balances are paralleled by the growth, the scientific growth of the world, by man's grasp of ethical law, by the unfolding of the home, the development of the hearthstone.

All this comes into our study of the past. You know how Lucretius the Roman poet saw man's intellectual rise before the beginning of our era. Aeschylus, a Greek poet, writing five centuries before Jesus, somewhere around 500 B. C., put into the mouth of Prometheus, the fire-bringer, this story from the past. He tells:

> How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
> And hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams,
> Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
> Nor knew to build a house against the sun
> With wicketed sides, nor any woodwork knew,
> But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
> In hollow caves unsunned. There came to them
> No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring,
> Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
> But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
> Until I taught them how the stars do rise
> And set in mystery, and devised for them
> Number, the inducer of philosophies,
> The synthesis of Letters, and beside,
> The Artificer of all things, Memory,
> That sweet Muse-mother.

How reassuring to the student is this glimpse which the old Greek gives us of man's real triumph, not by virtue of brawn but by virtue of brain. He won not by slaughter but by renewing the life of the globe.

What Aeschylus saw so clearly Horace, another Latin poet, who lived from 65 to 8 B. C., writing about the generation immediately preceding Jesus, says:

> When man first crept out from earth's womb, like worms,
> Dumb speechless creatures, with scarce human forms,
> With nails or doubled fists they used to fight
> For acorns, or for sleeping holes at night;
> Clubs followed next; at last to arms they came,
> Which growing practice taught them how to frame,
> Till words and names were found, wherewith to mould
> The sounds they uttered, and their thoughts unfold;
> Thenceforth they left off fighting, and began
> To build them cities, guarding man from man,
> And set up laws as barriers against strife
> That threatened person, property, or wife.

How splendidly reassuring are these words from Horace,—older than the Christian era, telling us of the triumphs of thought, the magic power of words,—words, the most deathless things dealt in by man, the most invaluable armament invented by the generations.

An irreverent minister in Chicago the other day spoke of a certain groping towards peace as being nothing but a "mouthful of words." A mouthful of words! Thank God, if it has got that far. For when you begin to speak the words of peace and to formulate the conditions of brotherhood, then dawn appears and the light will surely come. Sentences, I have said, fly further in the battles of today than the most destructive shells shot from the farthest reaching guns on battle lines. Sentences out-reach cannon shells or the butts of muskets. Words are man's greatest discovery and we can almost see the time when speech came on to the earth. Indeed, the introduction of speech is the last rising, the last triumph, the last trench,—if you like the phrase,—gained by the human.

The age of brute force is giving way to the age of human thought and human intelligence. Science assures us, and the latest books make the story available, that the long past has been an intellectual triumph all the time. And this long past has been an unbroken triumph of the moral law. That sounds too artificial, let us use a stronger word. It has been a growth of love, a constant, steady triumph of love, affection, sympathy, of what we call sociology and political economy. All these new fangled words are simply modern man's attempt to classify his ascent. They mark the upward rise of man out of hate into love, out of selfishness into community life. Co-operation, association, family, clan, tribe, nation, are all words representing milestones along the road over which the human soul has traveled towards its larger kinship and nobler brotherhood. There was an old theology represented by a grim interpretation of scripture which has too often been embodied in creeds and it has been the adequate leadership of clan and tribe, it has been and still survives as the virtue of nations. But all these have been already relegated to their place in the ladder of human progress. They were but rounds upon which man rises, rises towards the sense of kinship with all men, into the thought of an all-father revealing himself in the all-brotherhood of man.

O, it has been a beautiful past. If you will only study it with careful deliberation it will lead you to realize with Dr. Drummond that love is the greatest thing in the world. This is not the mere rhetoric of the preacher, no guess word of the theologian; it is the cold, hard word of the scientist, it is the demonstrable triumph of history. Our past has made for love. The home has grown in sincerity and is still growing. Surely

> The future I may face, now I have proved the past.

Has the future a meaning? A persuasive voice called me up yesterday which said the owner represented a Committee on Publicity and that he was asking all the ministers in Chicago to say something this morning about the Liberty Loan. He told me that most all the preachers had consented to do it. A newspaper this morning verifies his statement. I told him I must construe this, as every other question, in my own time and in my own way. I most assuredly must believe that the time calls for every one, men, women

and children, to do their bit in the face of this present emergency. God grant that my bit may be in line with the trend of the unmeasured past. God grant that we may contribute our "bit" towards the revenue that bids us hope, the revenue that dislodges cannon, the remedy that does not call for our boys to become expert with bayonet and practice long hours in the swing and the withdraw that takes the cold steel out of the dummy, which for practice represents a human being. My "bit" belongs with that slow but surely triumphing cause of human love which is not suspended by a vote of congress, from which no release comes from president, king, kaiser or congress. On Sunday, in this place dedicated to religion, I plead for that self-sacrifice which the unmeasured ages have called for and which, as all recorded history, reinforced by the unrecorded history found in the caves and the river-drifts of the world, shows us, moves toward peace and the power of brotherhood.

The world is waiting for the mobilization of motherhood. I read in the latest book I have on man of the palæolithic age, the man who has left behind him hundreds of thousands of weapons made out of flint, that there in some of those deep, dark caves, human life was so far developed as to provide a place for the dead. More than once there has been discovered the skeleton of a mother with a babe in her arms. There came to be a deeper recognition of the sanctity of death on the part of the survivor. The sanctity of motherhood was beginning to be recognized way back there in those French caves which strangely enough are found along the banks of the Somme and the Marne where now the horrible holocaust is taking place.

Motherhood is the first triumphing element in the history of the world. Fatherhood came later. There was a lot of life on this globe before fatherhood came. Male parentage there was, but the male progenitor was either indifferent to, or ignorant of, his progeny, and oftentimes an enemy to it. Motherhood is the triumphing element in human history and the world today waits the mobilization of motherhood. Ruskin was right when he said that women could put an end to war whenever they said so. Aristophanes, the sage of Greece, anticipated him and demonstrated in his Comedy woman's power to put an end to war. Women need to be reinforced by the instrumentalities of religion. When religion, living, vital faith, reassured by all the testimonies of history, mobilizes its forces, then the cross will come again to its inevitable triumph. The Alexanders and the Cæsars and the Napoleons, the Bismarcks and all the rest of them, belong to a vanishing line. The world has to be reminded of them and it is more and more difficult to hold them even in our intelligence, much less in our affections. But the man who drank the hemlock in Athens for the public weal, and the man who carried his own Cross up Calvary in the interest of love, came more and more to be the permanent elements in history, powers in human life. The world waits for the mobilization of the men of religion, the encouragements of the ordinances of religion, which mean hypocrisy and stagnation unless they mean faith in a living God. They stand for obstruction in the path of progress unless they are in league with brotherhood.

So I ask your interest in and co-operation in the work of this church this year. O, we will try to do in a lend-a-hand way what we have been trying to do with such boys and girls as conditions bring within our walls. There will be classes in domestic science, in music; there will be gymnasium exercises and all that; there will be studies in poetry and perhaps in art and perhaps history; but all these are but the millinery trimmings of an empty hat unless beneath the hat and trimmings there is a throbbing brain and back of the brain a pulse and heart.

You may secure a temporary release from the pangs of conscience by getting busy with your knitting needles, by sending your children here to the classes, but beware lest you are asking a vacation from the hands of a stern God and he will not release you. The Lord of reason and the Lord of love does not ask your hand or your money. He asks for nothing less than yourself. The Lord of the universe calls for brain and heart as well as pocketbooks. All of us, all there is of us! This work must forever be allied to words, and words, the ultimate power, must ever be allied to thought; thought blooms into love, and the innumerable ages justify our hope for peace in the future. These are the reassurances which I would bring you to safeguard our future.

In the reassurance of our faith may we go forth from this place, Father, to serve the undying cause of love and truth, of justice and righteousness, peace on earth and good will among men. Amen.

THE STUDY TABLE

[1]The Essential Mysticism, is a setting forth in simple, logical terms, of what the author considers to be the meaning of mysticism and its place in life. He does not go deeply into questions of the psychology of mysticism, or its philosophy. He attempts to tell simply in terms any reader may understand his faith in the energizing life-uplifting influence of mysticism in experience. "By mysticism he means religion shorn of its dogma, spiritual truth reduced to the essentials which are as applicable for the American as for the Oriental, for the business man as for the student of religion. He sees it as something that will make life more efficient." The book is practical, readable.

There can be no doubt, as this author urges, that the hurry, the strain of complex and multitudinous activities to which the life of the American man of affairs is subjected, calls for periods of quiet and meditation. The demands of life call for the refreshing forces, the energizing power which springs from a religious faith, a faith that in some way unites the heart of life with the spiritual springs. Creativity in art, in literature, in social service, in citizenship, can not reach its highest expressions except as it is fed by sources beyond itself. This is the theme of the book. It is one of the most hopeful signs of our day that men are increasingly turning to the spiritual sources of life, having found that without them they can never do the things most worth doing in the world. This volume is not invulnerable to criticism, but is surely a help toward the truth, and a good one for the average reader.

Harry Foster Burns.

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[1]*The Essential Mysticism*, by Stanwood Cobb, The Four Seas Company. $1.25 net.

News from Europe

An Arab at the Conference.—Prince Feisul made an excellent impression when he expounded the ideas and hopes of his race to the Council of Ten. His interpreter was Colonel Lawrence, a young Oxford archæologist who used to dig in Syria. In the course of his scholarship he learned to speak Arabic so perfectly that he is one of the few Europeans who can pass as an Arab. His local knowledge was turned to good account in the war, for he was attached as intelligence officer to the Syrian army, and he went through the campaign as a trusted member of Feisul's staff. He appeared on Thursday in Arab costume, translating alternately into French and English.

Feisul read his general statement in a semi-religious manner. He was most effective in replying to questions. He looks forward to a great, free, and tolerant Arab community, a confederation of the Arabs living in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia proper. For the present these States would need for their development help and guidance from the European Powers.

Two questions arise: What Power should exercise these mandates, and what are to be the boundaries between Syria and Palestine? It would be an unpardonable crime if this great Arab dream were spoiled by the jealousies and ambitions of the Powers. The character of the conditions imposed on the mandatory Power is scarcely less important than the choice of the Power. This seems to be another case in which a Power with the disinterested traditions of America would be well adapted for a delicate task.

The Policy of Japan.—In a long document setting out the Japanese aims at the Conference Baron Makino says:

Japan does not come to the Conference with demands, but asking only those which appear just to us in the light of Japan's position in and of the future of the Far East. At the outset I desire to say that since Japan opened her doors to foreign intercourse, trade, and political exchanges all treaties and engagements entered into with other countries have been kept in good faith, in letter and in spirit, and with regard for the good name of the nation and the rights of others.

Profit-Sharing Taylor.—Theodore Taylor, who represented the Radcliffe Division of Lancashire in the House of Commons for so many years, presided at the annual meeting of the employes of J. T. and J. Taylor, Limited, woolen manufacturers, probably the largest privately-owned profit-sharing and labor co-partnership concern in Britain. To those who are looking for an expedient to restore harmony between labor and capital we might suggest profit-sharing Taylor's scheme. His business is carried on smoothly and as a rule with large returns for all engaged therein.

Mr. Taylor announced a cash dividend on all shares of 17½ per cent and a labor bonus of 12½ per cent. The labor bonus would be doubled in the case of workers 21 years of age who had been with the Company five years and owned shares equal to half a year's wages. As last year, the labor bonus would be paid, 5 per cent in shares of the Company and the remainder in War Loan.

Mr. Taylor remarked that one of his reasons for retiring from Parliament, after eighteen years' service, was that he might devote more time to the advocacy among employers of the principles of profit-sharing and labor co-partnership. Profit-sharing was a practical way of showing sympathy with the workers, and if every employer in the country would adopt the system there would be no fear of the coming of Bolshevism.

China at the Conference.—We see so little reliable news in our press of the position of China in the world affairs discussed at the Paris Conference, that it is gratifying to cull the following from the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent:

Unless the Peace Conference and the League of Nations can restore and protect the territorial integrity of China they have failed in their first object.

In the second place, the tendency of Chinese education is to teach respect for moral rather than for physical force. It puts reason above military power. It is only the terrible experience of this war that has brought most Englishmen to think of the League of Nations and disarmament as practicable and not as mere Utopian fancies. The Chinaman, from his education, needed no such terrible experience for his training, and had not been perverted by the sort of ideas about military glory on which most of us have been bred since the days of the nursery.

It was with these ideas in my mind that I called to-day on Mr. Wellington Koo, the distinguished Chinaman who represents his country at the Peace Conference. Mr. Wellington Koo is Chinese Minister to Washington, and it is no secret that his speech to the Council of Ten on the position of China was one of the most moving and impressive events of their deliberations.

Mr. Wellington Koo tells me that the idea of the League of Nations has been discussed a good deal in the Chinese newspapers, which are in all cases exceedingly sympathetic. He dwelt on the great importance of some universal guarantee of this kind for the development of China's life and institutions. He believes in a democratic future for China, and is impatient to see the world eschew the ideas and habits of the military system, which is the great obstacle to progress.

I was especially struck by the warmth of his sympathy with the idea of the "international regulation of labor." He feels that the course of China's industrial development will be determined by the extent to which she is able to control the conditions of industrial life.

He considers that the adoption by the League of Nations of a standard of industrial reform would give an immense help to those countries in which industrial reform has scarcely begun.

It is obvious, of course, that you cannot have one rigid standard for nations with widely different circumstances, but there is no doubt that the reformers in China look forward to the gradual raising of the standard of industrial life in a new atmosphere to be created by the League of Nations. The question is of great importance because of the greath wealth of coal in Northern China, which sooner or later will lead to great industrial expansion.

Another side of the League of Nations that interests Mr. Wellington Koo particularly is the attempt to promote economic justice and equality. It will be a happy day for China when concessions and spheres of influence pass out of the vocabulary of politics. For all nations great issues depend on the success of the League; for China, as it appears to her Western admirers, the alternative is between a life of freedom and hope and a continual dependence on unscrupulous Powers.

Mr. Wellington Koo's interest in economic justice is not only international. It goes deeper. Economic justice for individuals will do more than the strongest League of ALL Nations to abolish war.

Peace and the French Labor Party.—The resolution adopted by the General Labor Federation of France refers to President Wilson's address delivered in New York before his departure for Paris. The resolution quotes the President's references to the uneasiness of European peoples, and condemns any partition of frontiers which is inspired by desire of conquest, and further the resolution opposes armed intervention in Russia.

Responsibility is declined by the French Labor party for "social events which may occur in case the French delegates at the Peace Conference systematically disregard popular aspirations and the desires of the laboring classes, which are those of humanity as a whole."

It is said in Britain that the people of Europe must

step in at once and save President Wilson's ideals from being destroyed by the Allies.

Bishop Hensley Henson and the League.—In a sermon on the League of Nations, Dr. Hensley Henson, Bishop of Hereford, raised the whole question of an international settlement to a very high plane. Speaking in Hereford Cathedral, that lovely pile in the west, near where the Severn waters the glowing vales of the marshes, the Bishop said:

Now that the great conflict had ended in victory and the victorious had to determine the use they would make of their unparalleled triumph, the question of Christian motive and obligation had taken a new form. Were we still determined to be peacemakers by laying deep the foundations of international harmony and justice? Was our object in diplomacy still what we said it was in warfare—the defeat of that moral lawlessness from which was born the evil progeny of war? If so, we might rise above the exasperations of the recent Conference and resist the dazzling appeals to national and imperial ambition which victory had opened.

Let no one suppose that these indispensable obligations would be easily satisfied. If any considering man would be at the pains of reading daily the accounts which reached us from the Conference in Paris, he would perceive that the high contracting parties were embarrassed by a multitude of purely nationalist claims, which from one side or another were being advanced; and by the force and insistence with which they were being urged he would know that the League of Nations was by no means regarded with universal sympathy, that there were critics whose criticism suggested not goodwill but hostility, that those evil tempers which from age to age had been the springs of strife, ambition, vengeance, racial jealousy, commercial rivalry, undying historic feuds, were not without effective, persistent expression.

What then, could Christians here at home do? They must exert themselves to keep the moral issue in the front place and to strengthen the hands of our representatives in Paris by making clear that what we desired was the rescue of the world from the possibilities of such frightful disasters as those from which it had just emerged. Next we should try to raise the levels of life here at home. Christians must not be afraid of a measure of misunderstanding, even of unpopularity, in maintaining the Christian position in politics, but shortsighted prudence which would take no risks and the false patriotism which would make no concessions were not likely to acquiesce in a policy of international goodwill.

They would be derided as visionaries and thrust aside as dreamers; nevertheless the hope of the world lay in the triumph of the visionaries and dreamers, not in the sinister wisdom of the cynics. There were better potencies in human nature than its woeful history suggested.

Egypt and the Peace Conference.—Egyptian residents in Great Britain, both Moslems and Copts, have addressed a petition to the delegates to the Peace Conference asking that the cause of the Egyptian people should be laid formally before the Peace Conference, and that full regard should be paid to the legitimate aspirations of the Egyptians to live the life of a free people. It is pointed out that:

Egypt, at the date of the declaration of war with Turkey in 1914 was legally and internationally in the status of an autonomous province of the Ottoman Empire, and is thus necessarily subject to the principles which have been announced as applicable to the provinces of the Ottoman Empire —namely, the principle of self-determination in its accepted sense, and cannot justly be excluded from its benefit. Nor, it is contended, can the right of such self-determination be prejudiced by the proclamation issued two months later, in December, by the British Government of a British protectorate, that proclamation having no legal validity apart from the right of conquest and military occupation which the Allies, including Great Britain, have renounced as valid, in favor of the humaner right of self-determination, and which Great Britain is putting forward in regard to other weak peoples, showing herself the champion of liberty from all foreign yoke for such young nations as aspire to complete independence within and without.

The petitioners conclude:—We do not deny the good administrative results Egypt has obtained under European advice during the past forty years, but we add that the political development of our country has now reached a point which needs complete recognition. Egypt has passed the stage of requiring external tutelage, and is capable of ruling herself and managing her own affairs without foreign dominion if granted the sympathetic help of the whole of the civilized world. That she can be depended upon for this has been widely proved during the past war. Thus we appeal confidently and in all earnestness to the Great Powers in the name of liberty and democratic principle, and especially to Great Britain and America, to secure to us our long-cherished aim of full freedom as an independent nation, under a joint guarantee of neutrality, such as is to be accorded to the other weak peoples of Europe, on the lines of justice so nobly set forth by all and formulated by President Wilson.

The Polish Pogroms.—In an article published recently in the London *Times* an account was given of the massacres of Jews in Poland. The massacres have been in progress for sometime. The *Manchester Guardian,* commenting on the account given in the *Times,* says:

They are the work of servants of the Polish Government, of Polish soldiers and of Polish politicians, and they are marked by all the primitive savagery against men, women, and children to which Eastern and South-eastern Europe have accustomed us. The Polish Government has taken no effectual steps to put a stop to this foul tide. Its chief concern in regard to the pogroms has been to deny their existence or to brush the charges aside as fantastically exaggerated. What are the root causes of these hideous massacres? They are two. The first is the deliberate cultivation of a diseased nationalism by a school of Polish politicians of whom the chief is M. Dmowski. These politicians are anxious to make as big and as uniform a Poland as possible, and for this purpose they wage a double war on other nationalities—the nationalities which claim to constitute separate States and the nationalities which constitute national minorities and ask simply for cultural rights. To the latter category belong the Jews of Poland, just as the Ukrainians and the Lithuanians belong to the former. The second cause is the internal social and economic condition of Poland, which is a land of great estates and of much urban misery and unemployment. Where there is bitter social unrest it is an ancient device to feed nationalist passions so as to distract attention from economic and social grievances. It cannot be said that the Allies have behaved well in this matter. They have known of the pogroms but they have not stopped them. True, they issued a warning to the Polish Government, but at the same time they practically forced upon Poland a Government dominated by M. Dmowski, who is the leader of Polish Jingoism and Polish anti-Semitism. There are some indications that the Allies regret the extravagances in regard to Poland into which they suffered one of their number to lead them. They have no excuse for further delay in ending the outrages in Poland, and of course the final act of peace must protect the rights of national minorities.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE VULTURE.

I am the chief contributor to failure,
Ambition's greatest handicap,
The companion of defeat,
And the partner of discouragement.
I am the blight of childhood,
And my reward is suffering;
I spread disease and despair
To the uttermost parts of the earth.
I am the cause of war, and I
Am the big brother of cowardice and cruelty;
I am the fast friend of hypocrites
And the devil's busiest helper.
I am Fear!

The New York Globe. —*C. Harley.*

"When God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow."
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A CENTURY OF PEACE.

A hundred years of peace!
O wounded earth could that be thine—
One century in which should cease
Black war; when mine and counter-mine
With devil-share no longer tore
Fair fields to barren wastes; no more
Were summoned hell's fierce blasts to sweep
A tortured land, and heap on heap
In ruin lay what human skill
Through many patient years had wrought;—
One century when, Kill and kill,
Pronounced by State and countenanced
By Church, no more should be enhanced
By blind regard and servile thought,
Become at last as obsolete
As edicts by the Pharaohs urged,
Which now of fateful content purged
Time crumples 'neath his flying feet.

Let us dare to dream the splendid dream
That, in a soon-arriving age,
Less lustrous shall appear the theme
Ruling the stained, ensanguined page
Whose lines destructive process boast.
Not Superman, but saner men
The world requires; themselves a host
As organized, and well-equipped
For peace as now for war; whose ken,
As in a vision glory-tipped,
Beholds a new and ordered earth
Arise from our chaotic days;
When men shall grateful be for birth,
And kindly look on normal death,
With life itself a rich appraise,
And not the paltriest, cheapest thing
The market yields.

Alas, we prate
Of conserved forests, rivers, wealth,
To coming days our offering,
And then seized by a strange unhealth,
With fiendish fury dissipate
The choicest gifts on us bestowed;
A generation's generous youth
With agile brain, ordained abode
Of hope in future quest of truth,
We doom to ruthless dust. Full cause
For penitence to bid us pause.
And yet we add the blasphemies
When thus the springs of action move;
Imploring to participate
In our red carnival of hate,
Not Odin, Thor, insatiate Mars,
The pristine gods of bloody wars,
But Him whose other name is Love.—
In times of passion and of lies
Rough ride our gray hypocrisies.

'Tis more abundant life we crave!—
The sane thought of the Nazarene—
Its earthly bound the natural grave.
They shall not, who incarnadine
Earth's fruitful soil with human blood,
Secure the harvest which they plan;
That quiet force, eternal Good,
Casting its lot with erring man
Embarrassed by his primal hates,
Through noisy aeons, patient, waits
Until, full-statured, he shall know
His birth-right to a mission vast.
This plastic planet his to mould,—
Yea, his the Will to mould or mar,
No grant of ghostly avatar
Whose shade looms from the shadowy past,
But by creative act,—for so
The title runs;—and to unfold
Inherent powers his task; his spur
The cogent secrets that are hung
Hardly within his straining reach.

He is his own high officer.
Yet do the very fates conspire
To give him aid; the sacred fire
Of inspiration ever burns;
The burden of prophetic speech
Vouchsafed to rare souls of his race
To each succeeding age returns;
The song the stars of morning sung
The stars are singing now,—no note
Is lost of all that symphony.
Celestial powers at his command
Dull ear might hear and slow eye see,
If but his fratricidal hand
Be taken from his brother's throat.

JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

LODGE AND WASHINGTON.

Also What Richard Olney Said Washington Thought.

To the Editor of
The Springfield Republican:

In his address on a league of nations, Senator Lodge absolutely ignored the fact that Germany is on the verge of counter-revolution and that we cannot hurry settlement with her until she has a stable government that we can deal with. A certainty of a strong league of nations is the quickest measure to make her put her house in order so that we can come to terms.

Senator Lodge also ignores the fact that over 100,000,000 embittered people in little countries from the Baltic to the Persian gulf are approaching famine, revolution and collapse. Without a world league to guarantee them justice and protection and that functioning speedily, they will infect the world with disease, war and revolution. To all this our senators who make protest seem sublimely indifferent and to have been counseling with such minds as Dante curses who "have foregone the good of intellect."

They are most vitally concerned with 18th century policies. Mr. Lodge quotes Washington as follows: "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise for us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, in the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities."

Washington's words were supreme wisdom for his own day. He spoke for that day with the full recognition that the time might come when his words would no longer be applicable. Richard Olney in the *Atlantic* for May, 1898, in an article entitled "International Isolation of the United States," said, page 582, "That Washington was of the opinion that the regimen suited to the struggling infancy of a nation would be adapted to its lusty manhood is unsupported by a particle of evidence. On the contrary, there is authority of the highest character for the statement that he entertained an exactly opposite view and 'thought that a time might come when, our institutions being firmly consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in the consultation held by foreign states for the common advantage of the nations.'"

Is it necessary to explain to any school boy that Washington lived in a strip of land along the Atlantic coast containing only 4,000,000 people with almost no interest, financial or otherwise, with Asia, Africa, Australia and South America compared with what we have today? He lived before the illustrated Sunday supplement and the movies brought the world vividly within the ken of all. Washington could travel no faster than could Abraham. . . .

Europe had despotic rulers, oppressed illiterates and knew not the meaning of democracy. It was a day in which world organization, even if possible, would not have been safe. Its greatest philosopher, Kant, declared that the world could never be safely organized until it had representative government. Our little land was almost the only one that claimed such government. Today, an organic, independent world, which has become small, complex, and sensitive faces entirely new conditions. It is a world that czars, kaisers and sultans have ceased to oppress and in which the peoples are ready to overthrow any government which ignores their rights. It is a world in which the high and mighty must walk warily.

The suffering peoples wait while bolshevism, the handmaid of hunger, stalks on apace. The wrath of the plain people of America who know whither world discontent is tending, is rising fast against those men high in office whose moral obliquity seems worse than their intellectual confusion in their cynical indifference to the plain issues.

L. A. Mead.

Jennie F. Johnson
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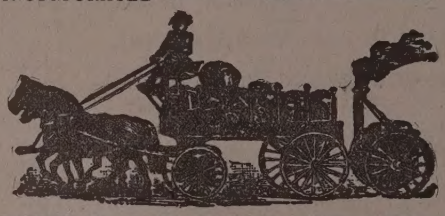

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